

PROMINENT PEOPLE

Hope for Reduction in Taxes



Hope for an early reduction in taxes is held out by Representative Mondell of Wyoming, Republican leader of the house.

"We shall enter the new session of congress in December and the new congress in March," said Mr. Mondell's statement, "with the way opened for a substantial reduction of the tax burdens."

The Republican leader made no prediction as to when the lower taxes would become effective, but said reductions would not be possible until after the close of the fiscal year which begins next month.

The proposed changes in the tax laws also were not revealed by Mr. Mondell, although he indicated his disapproval of the administration program for the discard of the excess profits levies. He contended that such action at this time would mean a "shifting of burdens from large incomes and profits, to the small and normal incomes and profits."

No hope for a return to pre-war expenditures and appropriations was expressed by the Republican leader, although he predicted that for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1921, a reduction "by upward of a billion dollars" would be effected, making the annual government expenses approximately \$3,250,000,000. Fewer government employees and smaller appropriations for the army and navy were cited by Mr. Mondell as possibilities for reductions after July 1, 1921.

Mr. Mondell estimated that for the fiscal year beginning next month government revenues would exceed expenses by at least \$1,046,604,720 unless "unusual expenditures not contemplated by congress" are made.

Women Drill in Training Camp

One skirt, ten inches from the ground; two middie blouses, one black sailor hat, one bathing suit, one pair of low shoes with heels not more than an inch high; one raincoat and one sweater. Such is the primitive outfit taken by Chicago's society and professional women to the United States training corps camp at Asheville, N. C. There, under the direction of the national commandant, Miss Susanna Cocroft of Chicago (portrait herewith) they will romp in the woods, sport like mermals in the water, and live on simple military diet. They will wear a simple little \$12 uniform—without corsets—and will spend at least half the time in bathing suits.

"Conditioning" will consist of setting-up exercises, military drill with broomsticks, outdoor games and dancing, and long hikes in the shadow of Mount Mitchell. Forestry classes will be conducted in the adjacent woods and groves.

They will live under tents and eat in the open air. The drill and exercises will be conducted by officers of the American Legion. Accommodations are available for a thousand women, who will be recruited from all parts of the country.

Commandant Cocroft will have as her chief of staff Mrs. George W. Farnsworth of Chicago. The national board of directors of the training corps includes Admiral Cary T. Grayson, Bishop Samuel Fallows and Mrs. Frederick W. Upham.



Portrait of Miss Susanna Cocroft

Le Jeune Now Heads Marines



Maj. Gen. John A. LeJeune, who commanded the second division, in which was included a brigade of marines, has been appointed commandant of the United States marine corps by recess appointment of President Wilson. Secretary Daniels, upon whose recommendation the appointment was made, announced that the action was taken in order to give recognition to the man who figured most prominently among marines that saw active fighting service in France. Maj. Gen. George Barnett, for six years commandant of the corps, has been relieved of duty, although he had served only two of the four years of his second term.

The unexpected supplanting of General Barnett, who is a prominent figure in Washington society and officialdom, caused a sensation second only to the Daniels-Sims controversy.

Among members of congress opinion is divided, some Republicans as well as Democrats, frankly commending Secretary Daniels, while others take a contrary view.

Secretary Daniels denied General Barnett's removal was any reflection upon him, saying that under the terms of General Barnett's reappointment two years ago it was for four years "or until relieved by the president."

Reno and the Dicks Don't Agree

Madeleine Force Astor Dick is again in the limelight. Her first husband was Col. John Jacob Astor, who perished on the Titanic. She is now the wife of William K. Dick of New York. Reno, where divorces are the principal industry, says Mrs. Dick has taken over a residence there. The Dicks deny that divorce proceedings are in any way possible, and say they are happy. Reno sticks to its story.

Madeleine Force was first married in 1911. Her husband was old enough to be her father, and by the terms of his divorce by his first wife, Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, a year before, had been forbidden to marry again. The Titanic was lost in April of 1912. In August of 1912 was born John Jacob Astor, the sixth of his name. The second marriage took place in June of 1915. There is one son.

Colonel Astor left the following bequest for his widow:

"For Madeleine Talmage Force Astor, a trust fund of \$5,000,000, she to receive the income of such fund for so long during her natural life as she shall remain his widow or in case of her remarriage then, upon such remarriage, the capital of this fund shall go to William Vincent Astor."



Portrait of Madeleine Force Astor Dick

LADY LARKSPUR

BY MEREDITH NICOLSON

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CHAPTER V—Continued.

"His name is Dick Searles," I said, "and he's my most intimate friend." She professed indignation when I told of my eavesdropping in the woods, but when I explained that I knew all about the play and Searles' despairing search for her she was enormously pleased.

"How wonderful!" she exclaimed. "You know I told you, Constance, that if we really threw ourselves in the path of adventure mystery would come out to meet us in silken sandals."

"But you will not appear in this play?" asked Raynor anxiously. "It is the business of the government of the United States to see that you commit no further indiscretions. There is another matter which I hope you can clear up. You are not only a subject of concern to the British embassy, but the French ambassador also has appealed to us to assist him in a trifling matter."

"The French ambassador?" Alice exclaimed with a surprise I knew to be unforgotten. "I thought the dear Montani was an Italian?"

"We will continue to call him Montani, but he's a Frenchman and one of the keenest men in the French secret service. You have caused him the deepest anguish."

"Please hurry on!" She bent forward with childish delight. "This is a part of the story we've been living that I really know nothing about. I hope it won't be disappointing!" Raynor laughed and shook his head.

"It's fortunate that Montani is a gentleman, anxious to shield and protect you. You have a fan in your hand—She spread it out for inspection. "A harmless trinket, but without it the adventure would have been very tame."

"The story of the fan is in the most secret archives of Paris and Washington. When you were packing up in Tokyo to come home on the very last day before your departure a lady called on you whom you knew as Madame Volkoff."

"The dear woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Farnsworth. "We knew her very well."

"Almost too well," cried Raynor. "A cultivated woman and exceedingly clever, but a German spy. She had collected some most interesting data with reference to Japanese armament and defenses, but suspecting that she was being watched, she hit upon a most ingenious way of getting the information across the Pacific, expecting to communicate with German agents in America who could pick it up and pass it on to Berlin. You see, she thought you an easy mark. She got hold of a fan which Montani informs me is the exact counterpart of that one you hold. She reduced her data to the smallest possible compass, concealed it in her fan, and watched for a chance to exchange with you. The astute Montani found the Japanese artisan who had done the tinkering for her and surmised that you were to be made the unconscious bearer of the incriminating papers. Montani jumped for the steamer you were sailing on with every determination to get the fan. His professional pride was aroused, and it was only after he found it impossible to steal the fan that he asked our assistance. He's a good fellow, a gentleman in every sense, and with true French chivalry wanted to do the job without disturbing you in any way."

We pressed closer about Raynor as he took the fan, spread it open, and held it close against a table-lamp. "The third, sixth and ninth," he counted. "You will notice that those three pieces of ivory are a trifle thicker and not as transparent as the others. Glancing at them casually in an ordinary light, you would never suspect that they had been hollowed out, an exceedingly delicate piece of work. It's a pity to spoil anything so pretty, but—"

He snapped the top of one of the panels, disclosing a neatly folded piece of thin paper. "Antoine," I said, "tie the arms of the prisoner in the toolhouse and bring him here." "A man in the toolhouse?" Montani, Torrence and Raynor ejaculated in concert.

"Oh, yes," murmured Alice, "that's the pleasantest chapter of all. Our grenadiers captured a whole invading army that made a night attack—one of the most remarkable engagements of the present war, Mr. Torrence." "The battle of the Bell-Hops," I suggested. "The prisoner will be here in a moment."

While we waited Montani produced a photograph, instantly recognizable as a likeness of our prisoner.

"My reputation is saved!" he exclaimed excitedly. "That he should have been caught here! It is too much! I shall never forgive myself for not warning you of the danger."

But you understand, mesdames, that I was sincerely anxious to recover the fan without letting you know its importance. When I found at Seattle and Chicago that you were traveling under assumed names, I was—prayer, pardon me—deeply puzzled, the more so because I had satisfied myself in Tokyo that you were loyal Englishwomen, and I believed you to be innocent of complicity with Madame Volkoff. Why you should have changed your names, I didn't know, but it's not my affair now."

"We saw you on the steamer and again in the hotel at Chicago. It was very amusing to be followed. We gave you the slip, stopped at Buffalo to see Niagara, and you came on here and scared the servants to death! But you were generous at every point," said Alice. "We changed our names so we could amuse ourselves here—at Bob's expense. So now I ask everybody's forgiveness!"

The prisoner, arriving at this moment, became the center of interest. Without a word Montani walked up to him, brushed back his hair, and called our attention to a scar on the crown of his head.

"There can be no mistake. This is Adolph Schwenger, who passes as readily for a Frenchman as I do for an Italian. The capture is of great importance. I shall want the names of all the persons who assisted in the matter."

"The fan is safe," cried Raynor.



The Fan is Safe, Cried Raynor.

"It isn't quite clear to me," remarked Raynor, turning to me, "why you held that fellow and said nothing about it. If there had been a mistake, it would have been just a little embarrassing for you, Singleton."

"Chivalry!" Mrs. Farnsworth answered for me. "An anxious concern for the peace and dignity of two foolish women! I didn't know there was so much chivalry left in the world."

An hour was spent in explanations, and Raynor declared that I must write a full account of the Allied army in Connecticut and the capture of the spy. The state archives contained nothing that touched this episode for pliancy, he declared; and even the bewildered Torrence finally saw the joke of the thing and became quite human.

Raynor and Montani decided after a conference that the German agent should be taken to New York immediately, and I called Flynn to drive them down.

"It's most fortunate, sir, that you sent for him when you did!" announced Antoine, nearly bursting with importance. "The boys had heard queer sounds in the night, but could find nothing wrong. The prisoner had taken up the flooring at the back of the tool-house, and was scooping up the dirt. He'd got a piece pretty near big enough to let him through. I suppose we ought to have noticed it, sir."

It was just as Raynor and Montani were leaving the house with the prisoner that we heard a commotion in the direction of the gates. I had sent the word that no one was to be admitted to the grounds, but as I ran out the front door a machine was speeding madly toward the house. A dozen of the guards were yelling their protests at the invasion, and a spurt of fire precluded the booming of Zimmerman's shotgun.

"Get your man into the car and beat it," I shouted to Raynor, thinking an attempt was about to be made to rescue the prisoner.

The touring car left just as a Barton taxi flashed into the driveway. The driver was swearing loudly at one of the Tyringham veterans who had wedged himself into the door of the machine.

Searles jumped out (I had forgotten that he might arrive that night), but before I could greet him he swung round and assisted a lady to alight—a short, stout lady in a traveling cap, wrapped in a coat that fell to her heels. She began immediately to deliver orders in an authoritative tone as to the rescue of her belongings. Searles dived into the taxi and began dragging out a vast amount of small luggage, but my attention was diverted for a moment by Alice, who jumped down the steps and clasped her arms about the neck of the stout lady.

"Aunt Alice!" I heard her saying. "Why didn't you tell us to meet you?" "Why didn't I tell you?" demanded the stout lady. "The moment you left me I knew I'd made a mistake in letting you come over here or one of your absurd larks! And from the row I had getting into the premises I judge that you're at your old tricks. Fired upon! Treated as though I were an outlaw! You shall never go out of my sight again!"

"Oh, please don't scold me!" Alice pleaded and turning to me: "This is Bob Singleton, your nephew."

Mrs. Bashford—and I made no question that Searles' companion was undoubtedly my uncle's widow—gave me her hand and smiled in a way that showed that she was not so greatly displeased with Alice as her words implied.

"Pay that driver for me and don't fail to tip him. Those Methuselahs at the gate all but killed him. It was only the vigorous determination of this gentleman, who very generously permitted me to share the only motor at the station, that I got through the gates alive! I beg your pardon, but what is your name?"

"Mrs. Bashford," I interposed, "my friend, Mr. Searles."

"Mr. Searles!" cried Alice, dropping a cage containing some weird Oriental bird which had been among my aunt's impedimenta. The bird squawked hideously.

"Miss Violet Dewing, permit me to present the author of 'Lady Larkspur'!"

It was a week later that Alice and I sat on the stone wall watching the waves, at the point forever memorable as the scene of our first talk.

"Aunt Alice isn't playing fair," she said. "She pretends now that it was all my idea—coming over to play at being our uncle's widow, but she really encouraged me to do it so I could give her an impartial judgment of your character. I'm her only niece and her namesake, and she relies on me a good deal. You know she's very, very rich, and she had never any idea of keeping your uncle's money. She meant all the while to give it to you—provided she found you were nice. And she thinks you are very nice."

"Your own opinion of me would be interesting," I suggested.

She had gathered a handful of pebbles and was flinging them fitfully at a bit of driftwood. I wished her lips hadn't that little quiver that preluded laughter and that her eyes were not the haven of all the dreams in the world.

She landed a pebble on the target before replying.

"You are very nice, I think," she said with disconcerting detachment. "At first I was afraid you didn't like nonsense, but you really got through very well, considering the trouble I caused you. But I'm in trouble myself now. Papa will land tomorrow. He's the grandest, dearest man in all this world, but when he finds that I'm going to act in Mr. Searles' play he will be terribly cut up. Of course it will not be for long. Even if it's a big success, I'm to be released in three months. Constance and Sir Cecil think I owe it to myself to appear in the piece; they're good enough to say nobody else can do it so well—which is a question. I'm going to give all the money I earn to the blind soldiers."

(I wished the tears in her eyes didn't make them more lovely still!) "Being what you are and all you are, it would be brutal for me to add to the number of things you have to tell your father. I'm a very obscure person, and he is a gentleman of title and otherwise distinguished. You are the Honorable Miss—"

"Papa has said numbers of times," she began softly, looking far out across the blue Sound—"he has said, oh, very often, that he'll never stop troubling about me until—until I'm happily married."

"When you came here you wore a wedding ring," I remarked casually. "It was only a 'property' ring, to help deceive you. I bought it in Chicago. When Aunt Alice came I threw it away."

"The finger seems lonesome without it," I said. "If I get you another, I hope you'll take better care of it." "If you should put it there," she replied, looking fixedly at the hand, "that would be very, very different."

(THE END.)

Siamese Superstition.

At the birth of a child in Siam, a cord that has been blessed by the priests is tied around the outside of the house, and three balls of rice are thrown in "lucky directions" by three old women, who are always present at such a time and whose business it is to solicit for the little one the patronage and protection of surly guardian angels.

Mother's Expressive Eyes.

Ella started to lift the baby from its crib, but caught her mother's eye, and desisted. Afterward, she was overheard telling her playmate that she knew when her mother didn't want her to do anything. "She doesn't have to tell me," Ella added. "She just thinks stop, and I can see her think."

Exclusive Power of a Fixed Purpose

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TEXT.—For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.—1 Cor. 2:2.

A fixed purpose does not drive out anything already in the heart of man, but it prevents other things from entering. With Paul, the determination to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified prevented any other determination from entering into his work at Corinth.

1. Is it true wisdom to have a fixed religious purpose? We are living in a period of the dominance of the very spirit of democracy and the rule of the masses, as well as a time when there is little respect for authority. When you come to the realm of religion, it is said that we must approach its consideration with open minds; to have settled convictions would make us bigots and pharisees.

Was that the theory that actuated the prophets of the Old Testament, that actuated Jesus Christ as he taught among men, or that actuated the apostles? The positive teaching of Jeremiah brought on him the enmity of Israel, resulting in his most cruel persecution. The uncompromising words of Jesus Christ sent him to the Cross, and when Paul faced the Cross and thought of the many things he might glory in, with intensest conviction he said, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Here was no qualification, no suggestion of a doubt, no peradventure. Precisely so has it always been with great leaders, and it is one of the saddest aspects of present religious teaching that they give the impression that it is not necessary to hold fixed purposes or views on doctrinal subjects.

2. Let us note that Paul's fixed purpose was with reference to only one thing, everything else to be shut out. Would such a fixed purpose be wise for the Christian worker of today? Our Christian fathers and mothers were people of few theories; indeed, they were practically people of one thought. They permitted some great idea to obsess them, and everything else had to submit to that. They saw different aspects of the thought, but the thought was unique and alone. Man must have his pole star and not several stars.

But we must have good reasons for entertaining a fixed purpose. Paul evidently had good reasons for his purpose, for he had seen the Lord by the gate of Damascus; he had spent three years in Arabia, doubtless making himself intelligent in the things of Christ; he had seen how the simple story of Christ crucified had moved hundreds, and probably thousands, under his own teaching to accept Christ; he had seen the religion of the dying Jesus spreading over Asia Minor and taking strong hold in Europe, and had experienced in his own life that old things had passed away, and that all things had become new—and he knew that all this came from Jesus Christ.

3. Paul's fixed purpose was—to know nothing among the Corinthians but Jesus Christ and him crucified. Christ crucified, everything must center at the Cross, everything in Christ's life and experience previous to his death must have the Cross in view, and everything in Christ's after influence among men must go back to the Cross; it is on the Cross that the atonement for the sins of the world is found. As a distinguished commentator has said, "The atonement is the diamond pivot on which the Christian religion turns." There is nothing, unless we except Christ's glorious return for his people and as the Judge of all men, that so stirs the enemies of truth as the doctrine of the atonement.

Jesus Christ and him crucified—that is the power of God unto salvation. The weakness of the preaching of so many ministers today can be explained by the fact that their sermons do not contain the dynamite of the Cross. Wherever that message is delivered, the slain of the Lord are many. That explained the conquest of Asia Minor and a large part of Europe in the first three centuries of the Christian era; that explained the phenomenal success of George Whitefield, Jonathan Edwards, Charles H. Spurgeon and every man of God the world through, who has been a successful winner of souls. Oh, that our young men who have the ministry in view would catch the vision! Then it would not take from thirty to fifty members of the Christian church to lead a single soul to Christ in the course of a year.

The Only Prison.

3:13 Is the only prison that can ever bind the soul; Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll; And when he comes to call thee, arise, and follow fast; The way may lie through darkness, but it leads to light at last.